



## Help You Run the Ball

—bring home the bacon, collar the blue vase, carry the message to Garcia, etc.

**LITTLE** Raisins, full of energy and Liron, will put the pep into that makes winning plays. Use vim like it in your business, too.

One hundred and forty-five calories of energizing nutrient in every little five-cent red box that you see. Comes from fruit sugar in practically predigested form—levulose, the scientists call it—so it goes to work almost immediately. Rich in food-iron also.

Try these little raisins when you're hungry, lazy, tired or faint. See how they pick you up and set you on your toes.

## Little Sun-Maids

"Between-Meal" Raisins  
5c Everywhere

Had Your Iron Today?



**Gentle Repartee.**  
He (sarcastically)—Do you call that thing on your head a hat?  
She (lightly)—Do you call that thing on your head a hat?

**Prudent Pause.**  
"When you paused before the beginning of your speech, were you trying to think of something to say?"  
"No," answered Senator Sturgis. "I was recalling the six days that I must be careful not to say."

**For Colds, Croup and Pain.**  
Use Vaseline-Balm: It relieves at once. Avoid imitations. Ask your druggist. E. V. Vaseline, Inc., New Orleans, La.—Advertisement.

**One who finds that the opinion of others in order to please with it, will get along in a bad way.**

**W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES**  
\$5.65 to \$8.50  
W. L. Douglas shoes are actually de-manded year after year by more people than any other shoe in the world.

**W. L. DOUGLAS**  
130 of our own stores in the large cities and by shoe dealers everywhere. Ask your shoe dealer to show you W. L. Douglas shoes. Only by examining them can you appreciate the quality and value of the shoes. W. L. Douglas shoes are made in the U. S. A. and are guaranteed to give you the most service for the money.

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## Virginia Farms

Delicious home and profitable farms at prices surprisingly low. Suitable for general farming, dairy and stock raising. High soil fertility and abundant water. Government springs and never failing streams. Descriptive literature of 27 selected farms mailed on request. Terms attractive. Write today.

**BAILEY AND JOHNSON, SUFFOLK, VA.**

## MOTOR TRUCKS

One two-ton and one five-ton, Pierce Arrow, stock bodies. Now running in our own service. In good condition. For sale at right price; no dealer's commission.

Write for apply to  
**The Drackett Chemical Co., Cincinnati, O.**

**RAW FURS WANTED**—All kinds to fill manufacturing orders. Highest prices. Prompt payment. Write for price list. **RAYMOND DOWITT, 2421 McKinley Ave., Cincinnati, O.**

**Fancy Assorted Beans, containing 12 grapefruit, 40 oranges, 20 tangerines, 100 kumquats, exp. p. 4.95. Growers' Fruit Co., Tampa, Fla.**

**An Admirable Attribute.**  
"Can you mention even one good result produced by jazz?" we sternly demanded.  
"Certainly!" replied Uncle Fozzy. "Jazz renders professional musicians so furious that temporarily, at least, they forget to strut and pose and tell how good they are."—Kansas City Star.

**Sheep ticks are a nuisance, but a tick of the clock means some valuable time is gone forever.**

**For a third of a century the name Calumet has stood as the emblem of the best baking powder. Its steady growth of favor has been a result of proportions that today the sale of**

**Calumet**  
The Economy Baking Powder

Is 2 1/2 times as much as that of any other brand.

This is the best proof of its superior quality—of the wholesome foods that it always produces—of the economical and satisfying results always obtained when it is used.

Calumet contains only such ingredients as have been officially approved by the United States Pure Food authorities. Has more than the ordinary leavening strength, therefore you use less. The most dependable of all leaveners.

**THE WORLD'S GREATEST BAKING POWDER**

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## The Mystery

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**BEN CHACHERRE.**

**SYNOPSIS.**—During the height of the New Orleans carnival season Jackie Fell, wealthy though somewhat mysterious citizen, and Dr. Ansley, are discussing a series of robberies by an individual known as the Midnight Masquer, who, invariably attired as an aviator, has been defied the police. Joseph Maillard, wealthy banker, is giving a ball that night, at which the Masquer has threatened to appear and rob the guests. Fell and Ansley, on their way to the affair, meet a girl dressed as Columbine, seemingly known to Fell, but masked, who accompanies them to the ball.

Lavie Ledanois, recently the ward of her uncle, Joseph Maillard, is the Columbine. At the ball, Bob Maillard, son of the banker, is introduced to her and is refused. He offers to buy some of her property. A Frenchman, monk and impostor, who turns out to be Prince Gramont, in his library Joseph Maillard and a group of his friends are held and robbed by the Midnight Masquer. Lavie Ledanois, the last of an old family, is in straitened circumstances. Joseph Maillard's handling of her funds has been unfortunate. Fell is an old friend of her parents and deeply interested in the girl. Henry Gramont, really the Prince de Gramont, is enamored of Lavie. Lavie talks with Fell about her affairs and the Masked Masquer. Gramont's chauffeur, Hammond, sergeant in the A. C. F., lives with him. He was the original Midnight Masquer, and Gramont had assumed the role. Where Hammond had been a robber for financial gain, Gramont, of course, is not. He arranges to return the "lost" to those whom he has robbed. Gramont and Hammond put the jewels and money in individual packages to be returned the next day.

**CHAPTER V—Continued.**

In the garage Hammond switched on the lights of the car. By the glow they disposed their burdens in the luggage compartment of the tonneau, which held them neatly. The compartment closed and locked, they returned into the house and dismissed the affair as settled.

Upon the following morning Gramont, who usually breakfasted on pension with his hostess, had barely seated himself at the table when he perceived the figure of Hammond at the rear entrance of the dining room. The chauffeur beckoned him hastily.

"Come out here, cap'n!" Hammond was breathing heavily, and seemed to be in some agitation. "Want to show you something?"

Gramont rose and followed Hammond out to the garage, much to his amazement. The chauffeur halted beside the car and extended him a key, pointing to the luggage compartment.

"Here's the key—you open her!"

"What's the matter, man?"

"The stuff's gone!"

Gramont seized the key and opened the compartment. It proved empty indeed. He stared up into the face of Hammond, who was watching in dogged silence.

"I knew you'd suspect me," broke out the chauffeur, but Gramont interrupted him curtly.

"Don't be a fool; nothing of the sort. Was the garage broken?"

"Yes, and the compartment, too! I came out to look over that cut tire, and thought I'd make sure the stuff was safe."

"We're up against it, that's all. Someone must have been watching us last night, eh?"

"The guy that trailed you yesterday, most like," agreed Hammond. "You think they got us, cap'n? What do we do?"

"Do!" Gramont shrugged his shoulders and laughed. "Nothing except to wait and see what happens next! Don't touch that compartment door. I want to examine it later."

Hammond gazed admiringly after him as he crossed the garden. If he ain't a cool hand, I'm a Dutchman!" he murmured, and followed his master.

**CHAPTER VI.**

**Chacherre.**

At ten o'clock that Monday morning Gramont's car approached Canal street, and halted a block distant. Gramont left the car, and turned to speak with Hammond.

"We made out at least two fingerprints on the luggage compartment," he said, quietly. "Drive around to police headquarters and enter a complaint in my name to a robbery of the compartment; say that the thief got away with some valuable packages. I want to make out to mail. They have a process of transferring fingerprints as these; get it done. Perhaps they can identify the thief, for it must have been some clever pickpocket to get into the compartment without leaving a scratch."

It was someone sent by that devil Jacin Fell, and I'll land him if I can!"

"Then Fell will land us if he's got the stuff!"

"Let him! How can he prove anything, unless he had brought the police to open up that compartment? Get along with you!"

Hammond grinned, saluted, and drove away.

Slowly Gramont edged his way through the eddying crowds to Canal street, and presently gained the imposing portals of the Exeter National bank. Entering the building, he sent his card to the private office of the president; a moment later he was ushered in, and was closeted with Joseph Maillard.

The interior of the Exeter National reflected the stern personality that ruled it. The bank was dark, old-fashioned, conservative, guarded with much effrontery of iron grills and bars against the evil door.

The window men greeted their customers with infrequent smiles, with caution and reserve so great that it

Suspicion bank's reputation of sanctity of

to rest heavily upon

of bowed shoulders.

The business customers of this bank found their affairs handled coldly, of

generosity, with an inhuman precision that was admirable. It was good for business, and they liked it. There

was no mistake.

Those who were accustomed to dealing with bankers of cordial smile and easy word, people who liked to walk into a bank and to be met with a personal greeting, did not come here, for they wanted here.

Chance customers who entered the sacred portals were duly cowed and put in their proper place. At set of them were, that is, occasionally some intrepid soul, and he met seemed impervious to the gloomy child, who seemed even to resent it. One of these persons was standing in the lobby and staring round

with a cool impudence which few unfortunates could equal. He was a Frenchman, monk and impostor, who turns out to be Prince Gramont, in his library Joseph Maillard and a group of his friends are held and robbed by the Midnight Masquer. Lavie Ledanois, the last of an old family, is in straitened circumstances. Joseph Maillard's handling of her funds has been unfortunate. Fell is an old friend of her parents and deeply interested in the girl. Henry Gramont, really the Prince de Gramont, is enamored of Lavie. Lavie talks with Fell about her affairs and the Masked Masquer. Gramont's chauffeur, Hammond, sergeant in the A. C. F., lives with him. He was the original Midnight Masquer, and Gramont had assumed the role. Where Hammond had been a robber for financial gain, Gramont, of course, is not. He arranges to return the "lost" to those whom he has robbed. Gramont and Hammond put the jewels and money in individual packages to be returned the next day.

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